

# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. FOURTEEN

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 6, 1926

TEN CENTS

## Marshal Asks Salary Raise

**A**N ATTEMPT on the part of City Trustee John B. Dennis to act immediately and, it is believed, favorably on the request of City Marshal Gus Englund for an increase in salary from \$150 a month to \$175 was blocked at the meeting of the board last night by Trustee George Wood who insisted that the matter be referred to the commissioner of police for a "legal" recommendation.

"I'm ready to make my recommendation now," said Dennis, "I—"

"Legal recommendation," Wood broke in.

"I can—" Dennis tried to go on.

"Legal," insisted Wood, and as no other member of the board seemed to have any mind in the matter, it was voted that "legal" it should be.

It is understood, however, that Dennis is in favor of the raise asked by the marshal and will so recommend, "legal", as Wood insists, or otherwise, which would be just as good.

The marshal believes that he is entitled to more money in view of the fact that he collects taxes, is deputy health officer, and is on call day and night as the regular police department of the city, and also because the traffic policeman imported by the trustees is being paid \$200 a month.

The city trustees last night voted expenses of \$30 each to Fire Chief Robert G. Leidig and his two assistants, Albert Coffee and Edward Littlefield, in order that they may attend the state convention of fire chiefs at Fresno next week.

City Manager Alfred Parker Fraser reported that as city recorder he had passed judgment on 28 persons arrested for 38 violations of the law. Two of them were liquor cases, but they were principally violations of the traffic laws. Fourteen were convicted, twelve fined and two given suspended sentences. The sum of \$107.50 in fines was collected.

The treasurer reported a balance of \$827.94 in the city treasury after paying bills and salary claims to the total of \$2,290.60 for the month.

The traffic officer reported 22 arrests and Marshal Englund, one for vagrancy and one for petit larceny.

As deputy health officer he reported 19 cases of measles for the month of September.

Fire Chief Leidig reported four fire alarms, five drills and 42 inspections of

property and buildings.

Permission was refused Austin James to remove a pine tree from in front of his property where he desired to obtain access to a prospective garage. Trustee Wood said that the tree could be trimmed and saved.

Harry Mallinger was granted permission to hang a sign on the Leidig property at Ocean and Dolores street, directing people to his restaurant on Dolores street.

City Manager Fraser was authorized to have three trees removed at a cost of \$77.

### MANZANITA CLUB FINISHED

The members of the Manzanita Club made an informal call on their new building on Dolores street the other night. It was not an official opening of the new structure, but merely a casual celebration of its completion.



Linoleum cut by A. W. Clark

## OLE AND AXEL

**O**LE AND AXEL", Danish film comedians with a reputation that has spread throughout Europe, are coming to the Golden Bough next Sunday and Monday in "Misplaced Highbrows", a comedy importation.

They are essentially the Mutt and Jeff, if you will, of American comic fame. In Europe they are known under various cognomens: in England as "Long and Short"; Holland, "Watt and Halfwatt"; Italy, "Y and X"; Hungary, "Horo es Zoru"; France, "Boublepatte and Patachob"; Germany, "Pat and Patachon", etc.

Refreshingly different from our own stereotyped brand of comedy-humor, the antics of these two have amused American audiences wherever "Misplaced Highbrows" has been shown.



## Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Twelve

A GLANCE at this column, ladies and gentlemen, brings you face to face with what Byron would designate "a shameless wight", a "citizen" of Carmel who furnished at least half the inspiration for that remark about Louis XIV, that his loves were as public as a fox terrier. Tiny Arne, on whose apparently innocent countenance you are



(Photo by Slevin)

now gazing, is the Don Juan of Carmel.

But, moving aside from the realm of morals, a step which, we are told by the associate editor, is both seemly and advisable, before progressing further and—deeper, Tiny Arne has had something quite effective to do with the morals of others (not including his loves) and if there is any turpitude mixed up with traffic violations he has been mentor for more careless motorists on Ocean avenue than have cringed at George Wood's funny buttons or the menace of imported police. You can't pass Courtland Arne's barber shop at more than thirty-five without mixing Tiny up with the concrete. He has brought the speed limit down by his constant peregrinations across the street at this most strategic point.

Tiny's name is no misnomer—he is smaller than that—and the sudden, yet deliberately moving, casual, unconcerned flash of his minute self within fifteen feet of your front bumper burns your brakes. Without a turn of his head, nor a glance of his pop eyes, he continues on his way and heeds you not. Then, secure for the moment on the curb, he has a new idea and saunters back to the center of the street in time to bring the next motorist up swearingly short. And behind the window of the West's unique barber shop Court Arne's razor hand shows no agitation above the chin of

Chris Beck. No machine will ever hit Tiny because—well, because no machine ever has. It's not the best assurance in the world, but it's the only one available in consideration of the longevity of a dog that will cow at nothing save Chinese talk. You try the coolie dialect on Tiny and you have him beaten!

But, somehow, in the indifferent, inscrutable aspect of Tiny Arne is something that says he will die with his boots on. And if he does, and when he does, there will be more comparative mourning to the cubic inch of his diminutive carcass than many a man within our midst can hope to get on his respective day of judgment.

## FIRST RAIN

DRY Summer's end

The stage all set for rain.

The curtain raised on early afternoon.

(Grey monotone,

One sunlit hill to the southward).

The waiting earth looked up

Day held its breath

Suspense

A drop or two fell

Rearrangement of clouds

More drops

No use—

The sky had simply forgotten.

Whisper of wind

The cue!

And then it poured.

—D. C. H.

## NEW EQUIPMENT INSTALLED IN CARMEL TELEPHONE OFFICE

Installation of additional equipment to the aggregate value of more than \$5,000 has increased the facilities of the Carmel exchange to provide for 900 customers, according to an announcement made by R. P. Sexton, the local manager. There have been provided four new sections of switchboard.

Lucille Kiester

PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE

EDUCATIONAL TOYS

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

Czecho-Slovakian and  
Hungarian

Mary Moore Handmade  
Dresses . Chase Dolls

Court of The Golden Bough

INTERIOR DECORATING  
FURNITURE  
DRAPES



SEVEN ARTS  
BUILDING

Zanetta Catlett  
Kennedy Owen

## The Cinderella Shop

SMART SWEATERS  
AND NEW KNITTED  
SPORT DRESSES

JUST RECEIVED



## WHITNEY'S

[Formerly Basham's]

BREAKFAST  
LUNCHEON

FOUNTAIN DRINKS  
HOME-MADE CANDY



## SYMPHONY RADIO PLAN ATTRACTS MUSIC LOVERS

SATURDAY MARKS THE END of the time allowed for the popular subscription by the radio public for the broadcasting of the twenty-one concerts by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Judging by newspaper reports the success of the idea is hanging in the balance. Liberal response has been made—but not liberal enough.

Possibly the radio public does not understand why the sum of \$25,000 is asked. It is simply to insure the orchestra against the inevitable loss of patronage at the concerts themselves. All the more reason why distant radio music lovers should support the idea.

It is a mistake to think that only large sums will be acceptable. If every radio lover of good music—every one—would give only what he would never miss, the fund would be oversubscribed within twenty-four hours. Ten dollar checks are welcome. One dollar checks are welcome.



A dime would be welcome. There is a radio public of at least 25,000 people within the radius of the two San Francisco stations that will undertake the broadcasting of these concerts, giving their own service, including of special apparatus. If every one of this radio audience would send in his dollar—voila! The fund would be complete, and the technical work would be already doing.

All these years of broadcasting, radio stations have been bombarded with complaints about this, that and the other thing—the public enjoying concerts for nothing, concerts that cost money to broadcast—and growling over what they received free.

There is a fine, high spirit in San Francisco that has brought to a successful issue—first, the organization of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra itself and more recently the season of grand opera. This same high spirit brought about the broadcasting of the opening opera of the season, with not a sound lacking of the performance for the radio public as it was heard by the vast audience that filled the civic auditorium to the doors. The same spirit

now offers a weekly treat of the best music in the world, played by one of the best symphony orchestras in the world.

It rests with the radio public itself—the radio public only—whether the offer materializes into actuality; whether each week every possessor of a radio set may enjoy the finest music of the world, played faultlessly.

Because some of those who might pay will not do so, preferring to get something good for nothing, makes no reason why big-minded music lovers should not give their mites, even though the music will fall alike upon the ears of those who have not paid for it and upon those who have.

Each contributor to the fund will receive a beautifully colored stamp bearing the words, "Member Symphony Broadcast League". That seal upon a receiving set will be a badge of honor, a proof of fine community spirit.

The Pacific coast is peculiarly barren of fine radio music. The radio public is not satisfied with the programs offered, it resents the blatant advertising that is the inevitable result of commercializing the stations. There is no possible relief in programs on eastern stations—partly because of difference in time, partly the distance, partly the interference of coast stations. If, now, the radio public fails to support this offer of one Symphony concert a week for twenty-one weeks—it deserves all the painful stuff it has been getting—and all it will get. To paraphrase the Princess Bibesco—"They have only themselves to blame."

October 9 is the last date on which contributions will be received. If at that time the full sum has not been subscribed, the project will be given up, and all checks returned to the donors. Not even one concert will be broadcast. Unless the radio public comes forward with the needed support, the whole season of twenty-one concerts will be lost to them.

Checks should be made out to the "San Francisco Musical Association", 457 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

### CARMEL WITNESSES HAVE RETURNED FROM AIMEE TRIAL

Last week-end saw the final contingent of Carmel people who testified at the Aimee McPherson trial in Los Angeles, back in the protecting confines of their home town. The mess is temporarily over as far as the Carmelites are concerned, but it is probable that they will be called South again when the case is moved up to a higher court and all the testimony must be re-taken. Because of her newspaper instinct, Mrs. Daisy Bostick brought many impressions out of the Los Angeles court room. She said that

the thing that impressed her the most was the seriousness and dignified tone of the hearing in a matter that has such amusing aspects and has become so much of a joke to people generally. The efforts of Mrs. McPherson's attorney to compel Mrs. Bostick to describe in feet and inches the bank roll displayed by Ormiston in the Carmel Realty company's office proved fruitless. Mrs. Bostick declared that in Carmel we don't measure a man's wealth in feet and inches.

Mrs. Bostick brought back with her several of the Los Angeles papers containing feature stories of the trial. One of the bright sob sisters on the Los Angeles Herald referred to Carmel as the "Greenwich Village of the West". This same brilliant writer also discovered that Jesse Lynch Williams, the Western Union messenger, not only was not the famous author, but that actually his middle name was "Sims", which it isn't. Young Williams swore all Carmel witnesses to secrecy regarding his family connections and he got by with it.

When Gus Englund said on the witness stand that he knew Aimee's hair was red by the pictures in the newspapers, all the photographers in the courtroom gasped.

Miss Helen L. Lisle, principal  
of the Brush Hill School,  
Milton, Boston, Mas-  
sachusetts, is

Opening October 8

### THE CARMEL VALLEY RANCH SCHOOL

For a few boys and girls  
from the East

The children will be prepared for  
Eastern Secondary Schools.

Each child will be provided with  
and care for his own horse.

There are a few places open to  
boarding or day pupils

Address

MISS HELEN L. LISLE  
Carmel Postoffice

References in Carmel-

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Field, Miss Ruth  
Huntington, Miss Bolline Gregg.



## PERSONAL MENTION

MRS. Charles William Lockwood of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, is the guest of Miss Abercrombie and Miss Rosenkrans at Sunaround on the Point.

Mrs. Halsted Yates left Saturday night for San Francisco where she will remain for a week or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Todd gave a luncheon Friday. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson, Mrs. Ray Woodward, the Misses Vivian Foree and Ernestine Renzel, Mrs. Hilda Argo, Mrs. Halsted Yates and Mr. O. J. Cope.

Mrs. Shalby Cole is in town visiting her father Mr. Herbert Heron. She will be here for several weeks.

Barney Segal is leaving Wednesday for a two weeks vacation down south. He will attend the Bankers' Convention in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Vera Chase Morris motored down from San Francisco Sunday to see Miss Tilly Polak.

Armin Hansen entertained at dinner Wednesday night Mr. and Mrs. Cornelis Botke, Dr. Amelia Gates, Mrs. Mary Black, Miss Tilly Polak and Mr. H. Greenwood.

The Misses Gertrude and Jadwiga Noskoviak have left for San Francisco after spending the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hawkins entertained informally at dinner Miss Tilly Polak and Miss Jadwiga Noskoviak.

Mr. Thomas Stuart Clarke of Beverly Hills, Mr. Chuck Parsons and Mr. Parker McCoy of Los Angeles, friends of O. J. Cope, were here over the week-end.

Mrs. Sara Deming left Tuesday for Los Angeles where she will remain for a week or ten days.

Mrs. Tack Knight and her daughter Mary Jack have arrived in Carmel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheridan are leaving to-day for Hollywood where they will remain for about a week.

Dr. Beverly L. Clarke spent the week-end in Carmel. He returned to Palo Alto Monday.

Professor Robert Chodat, of the department of botany of the University of Geneva, Switzerland, accompanied by Professor Gilbert Smith and Professor Abrams of Stanford University, came to Carmel over the week-end to visit Dr. D. T. MacDougall of the Coastal Laboratory.

## CHANCE TO MAKE \$50 AT THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

HONOR THY WIFE", produced by the Dansk Film Industri Palladium, Copenhagen, Denmark, will be shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, and an opportunity to earn \$50 by writing sub-titles to the picture, which will be shown without them, is offered to Carmelites.

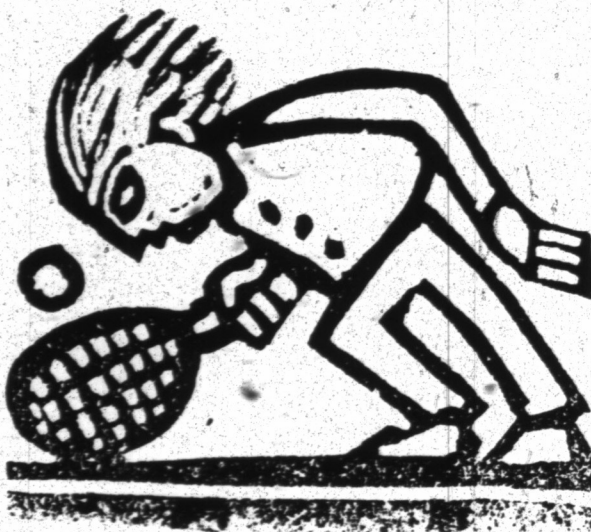
It is declared that the pantomime and the sequences are so adroitly carried out that titles are unnecessary. To conform to the American custom, however, the importer desires to equip the film with sub-titles, and to that end has offered \$50 for the best set of sub-titles and captions submitted by a resident of this Peninsula.

The judges will be Thomas D. Van Osten, editor of the Pacific Coast Independent Exhibitor; Carol Nathan, Pacific Coast manager for Universal Film Exchanges; and M. S. Vidaver, publicity manager for the Louis Greenfield Theatres.

Press opinions (in French only) stress the masterly acting, the admirable simplicity and the psychological verity of the picture.

## TENNIS PLAYERS WANT CITY COURT

EFFORTS ARE BEING MADE by several of the tennis players of Carmel to obtain a municipal tennis court. It is felt by those who are enthusiastic about the game that the city should furnish some place for them to play.



Among those who are interested in the project are Jesse Lynch Williams, Eric Wilkinson, George Ball, Robert Stanton, Tad Stinson, O. J. Cope, Elliott Durham, Steve Glassell, Bill Williams, and Ralph Todd.

The site for the proposed tennis court has not been definitely considered, but it is thought by those who are interested that a part of the public grounds at Junipero street and Ocean avenue could be devoted to the court without taking too much away from the childrens' playground.

## Parents and Teachers To Discuss Plans

THE CARMEL Parent-Teacher Association will meet next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the Sunset school.

The matter of purchasing a piano for the school, the possibility of establishing a Kindergarten and other important questions are to be discussed and voted upon.

The subject for the program of the afternoon will be Child Health. Drs. Kocher, Davidson, Lowell and Brownell will give talks on "Colds, Infectious Diseases, Diet and Rest, and Care of the Teeth."

Miss Farnsworth, district nurse, will talk of her work and Dr. Tower will discuss matters of general health importance.

## CARMEL TO TRY ZONING PROJECT

CARMEL is to take its place with the other communities of the Monterey Peninsula in the zoning plan which has been tentatively laid out by Charles Cheney, city planning expert. This was decided at a meeting of citizens of this city at Arts and Crafts hall last Sunday morning. Cheney explained his zoning plan for the peninsula and said that he figured Carmel's allotment of the cost would be \$800. The citizens at the meeting voted to raise half of this by popular subscription and to ask the city board of trustees for the other half. Immediately following the adoption of a resolution to this effect a sum in excess of \$250 was pledged by those in attendance at the meeting.

In talking about his zoning plan Cheney explained that he was not a stranger in Carmel; that he had spent his summers here for a number of years past and that he had always been interested in the future with reference to the problems ahead of Carmel. He said:

"Where will the flow of travel be in the next few years with relation to Carmel? It will hurt the town unless we go at things very definitely for all the flivvers in the world will come here and the occupants will sit on the beach, following the line of travel. We must know what we want to do and do it before the cheap trippers do it for us.

"Now is the time to plan out the major highways for the next generation. We should know where they will be, for there should be at least two good ways out of town if the routes were ever stopped by fire or panic. The routes should be mapped now for future building, and each subdivider should do his part."

Following the action of the mass meeting it is now up to the board of trustees to decide whether or not Carmel will officially take part in the peninsula plan.



## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926 at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 13.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

### Notes and Comment

TAKE VALENTINO, for instance, he was a perfect example of what ravages can be accomplished by the disease genus Hollywood. A man or woman with anything less than the character of the proverbial God can't withstand the poison of that life down there and the degenerating narcotic of money that feeds it. The truth isn't told about Valentino, even in the masterful anthem of Cohn in this issue of *The Cymbal*, reprinted from the *New Masses*. He was not alone sick of soul, but vilely sick of body, according to newspapermen who were among the coterie of close watchers at the end. He didn't die from any ordinary illness of man—his death was caused almost directly by a kick in the stomach from a girl with whom he was having a drunken quarrel. You can't have all the desires of the most carnal part of your being without the rot setting in. You can't have all the money spendable without spending it on poison. In fact, somehow, poison offers itself strangely as the logical acquisition. You can't surfeit yourself with gratification of sensuous desire without being eaten up by the monster you pay to serve you. It's not a question of morals; it's a question of ordinary strength of resistance to those things which offer in abundance and on the face of them read: "harmless". It's much similar to too much ice cream soda. It is easy to realize a gnawed and rotten stomach as the result of a couple of dozen a day of the things. Valentino must have, as Cohn says he did, glanced back now and again at the boy Guglielmi and thirsted a bit for the simple things that had become impossible to him. This isn't sentimentality; it's memory of sweetness when sordidness abounds. It's remembrance of honeysuckle in the air when you have come to live your days in the neighborhood of a tannery. Not much more than a year ago we were invited to a "party" in a Bush street apartment in

San Francisco. It was to be the offering of a well known motion picture star. He handled his duties of host nonchalantly, with a degree of boredom. There was nothing in good Scotch whisky or nude dances that aroused him from his chair. Along toward midnight the thing became a customary revel, we were told, and it likewise became considerably loathsome. It carried us much farther ahead in the experiences of life than we cared to go at the period. We felt that there was much along the way that had been skipped and to which we were entitled as a natural part of the thrill of things. We felt glad as we absented ourselves that we might never get to the point at which that movie actor had arrived; that we could not possibly live long enough or fast enough to reach it before we died. But it hardly gratified his desire for agitation of the sensuous nerves and fibre. The thing was stale and a "poor show". Wilde remarked that "there is one thing I can't resist, and that's temptation". In the life of the present-day movie star, with more money to spend than there is even an illegitimate place to spend it, temptation is not alone a question of resistance, but of avoiding. Unlike opportunity it is not alone content with knocking once, but camps on the doorstep. Valentina succumbed to it mainly because it was always in his way when he went in and out. He was a victim of circumstances if anybody ever was. Circumstances, perhaps, that he had something to do with creating, but of the magnitude of them he was innocent. And the worship and reverence accorded some of these people in the movies by the brainless movie fans reminds us of a devastating experience we had while "suping" in Ben Hur in our youth. The lady who does the spotlight stunt in Aimee McPherson robes of shimmering white had held us breathless as we filled our role as one of the "populace" asleep on the mountain at her back. She was to us the embodiment of purity and beauty, of mind, soul and body. Some one of the older and bolder of the "supes" among us had provided himself that night with a sneeze powder that was irresistible to human nostrils. In the midst of the spectacular scene, as the lady prayed in the spotlight at the foot of the cross, the powder descended among the score of us on the mountain and we sneezed, persistently and unabated. The audience began to giggle as the beautiful lady prayed in the spotlight. She held her place and her prayer until the curtain went down. As it tapped the stage with its dull plop, she jerked to her feet and turned on us. "You göddammel bunch of tripe!" she said, "you—(deleted)." Now, you may say she had provocation. Well, that's what we have been trying to say for Valentino.

\* \* \*

IN line with Edward Kuster's attempt to give us something actually good in the way of foreign films, the "Interested Observer" in one of the New York

newspapers has the following to say in regard to imported motion pictures:

I have often wondered why we have our peculiar attitude toward foreign films in general. I have spent several years in various foreign countries; I always make it a point to see their "indigenous" pictures, and I cannot suppress my feeling that there is a boycott against many excellent films.

Why, for instance, was it considered necessary to go to the expense of making "The Three Musketeers" here when there was a perfectly good twelve-act French film on the same story? Or why our dreadfully garbled version of "The Count of Monte Cristo" when there was at least one good French film which gave the true story? And why did no one bring here another long French film, "L'Aiglon", based on the life of Napoleon? The resemblance and the characterization of Napoleon were actually uncanny in their accuracy, and, by the way, the leading lady of this film was an American.

But the worst bit of discrimination was shown in the case of "L'Atlantide", a prize story by Pierre Benoit, of which the film version ran for nearly two solid seasons in Paris. I have not yet seen "Beau Geste", but surely it can hardly be a better presentation of French army life in Africa than "L'Atlantide"—rather of real Africa and incidents in the life of an army officer.

What happened to this wonderful film here? It was dubbed "Missing Husband", or some such asinine box office title, and relegated to a second-rate theater. Those who would be attracted by such a title (we had a run of similar ones—"Blind Husbands", "Foolish Wives" etc., ad nauseum!) were most likely bored by it.

And as for the Spanish films!

(Turn to Page Eight)

Theatre of The Golden Bough

SUNDAY and MONDAY

October 10 and 11

8 P. M.

By special arrangement with  
Walter Kofeldt, Importer

OLE & AXEL

In the Danish Comedy

MISPLACED  
HIGHBROWS



## SONGS OF A MARKEDLY PERSONAL NATURE

By DOROTHY PARKER  
(From The New Yorker)

### SOMEBODY'S STORY

This is what I vow:  
He shall have my heart to keep.  
Sweetly will we stir and sleep  
All the years, as now.  
Swift the measured sands may run;  
Love like this is never done.  
He and I are welded one—  
This is what I vow.

This is what I pray:  
Keep him by me, tenderly;  
Keep him sweet in pride of me  
Ever and a day.  
Keep me from the old distress;  
Let me, for our happiness,  
Be the one to love the less—  
This is what I pray.

This is what I know:  
Love's a prelude to a pain—  
Lovers' oaths are thin as rain.  
Would it were not so!  
Ever is my heart athirst,  
Ever is my love accursed;  
He is neither last nor first—  
This is what I know.

### QUESTIONS, TO DATE UNANSWERED

Why is it, when I am in Rome  
I'd give an eye to be at home;  
Yet when on native soil I be  
My soul is sick for Italy?

And why, with you, my love, my lord,

### "OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES"

By GENE HAILEY

(Written for The Cymbal)

IT SEEMS to my bettch self that if we  
"watch our movies" we at times un-  
cover the truth. Appetite, vanity and  
will for dominance lie behind many enter-  
prises, including the "noospaper game".  
Morons, too, have appetites, vanity and  
love to feel dominant by being part of a  
standardized majority.

Moronesses are a specie recently dis-  
covered by a Carmel editor, who is an ex-  
pert in types feminine! Moronesses also  
enjoy appetites, vanities and standardized  
styles, homes and thoughts. They also  
raise children, these Mr. and Mrs. Morons,  
so what are we to call them but "Moro-  
ettes"?

Now an edict has gone out from the  
great dragon that all the Morons and  
Moronesses of the puntry shall no longer  
have to read bed-time stories and tales of  
wicked adventure to children, from the  
Werst papers because the poor  
people who write the papers have run out

Am I spectacularly bored,  
But do you up and leave me—then  
I scream to have you back again?

### PROPHETIC HEART

Because your eyes are slant and slow,  
Because your hair is sweet to touch,  
My heart is high again; but, oh,  
I doubt if this will get me much.

### CONJECTURE

Into love and out again—  
So I went, and thus I go.  
Spare your voice and hold your pen—  
Well and bitterly I know  
All the songs were ever sung,  
All the words were ever said.  
Can it be, when I was young,  
Some one dropped me on my head?

### DE PROFUNDIS

Oh, is it, then, Utopian  
To hope that I may meet a man  
Who'll not relate, in accents suave,  
The tales of girls he used to have?

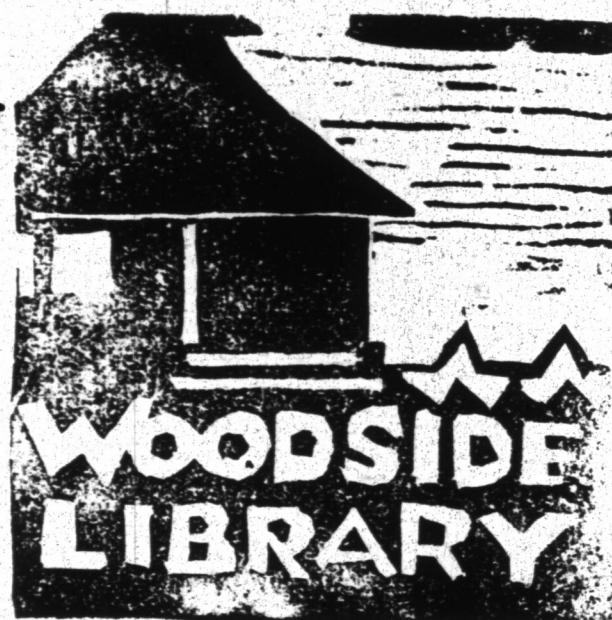
### INDIAN SUMMER

In youth, it was a way I had  
To do my best to please,  
And change, with every passing lad,  
To suit his theories.

But now I know the things I know,  
And do the things I do;  
And if you do not like me so,  
To hell, my love, with you!

of "literary this and that" and so from  
now on the papers will be so simply writ-  
ten that the little children from five to  
ten can read and understand every single  
thing, from the headlines to classified ads.  
How happy the little Moronettes will  
every day to have all the great news of  
the wide, wide world in little stories writ-  
ten especially for them! And how happy  
their dear papa Morons and mama and  
auntie Moronesses will be to have the  
news so simple that a child can read it.

Now the chief sooth-sayer to the great  
dragon set this fashion long ago, with his  
daily column of Brisbanalities. Since that  
time no one has had larger pay for less  
work; nor has anyone else worn out more  
dictaphones per stenographer. Which is  
all very nice anyway as we are all in a  
hurry all the time and want to know as  
many sordid details and scandal in the  
most condensed space possible. As Shake-  
speare, the remote ancestor of the chief  
sooth-sayer, said: "Brevity is the Soul of  
wit" and "Who steals my purse, steals  
trash". And somebody older than that  
said: "Not what goes into the mouth, but  
what comes out, defiles the man"—and  
defines the moron!



## Arts and Crafts Theater

Carmel-by-the-Sea

will present

# HAY FEVER

By NOEL COWARD

October 8 and 9

Under the direction of

GEORGE M. BALL

Tickets on sale at

PALACE DRUG CO.  
ARTS & CRAFTS THEATER



## MUKERJI WRITES A FINE BOOK

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

**T**HE Face of Silence", by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, is the story of the life of Rama Khishna, the holy man of Dakshineswar. He was born in 1833 and died in 1886 and because his lifetime was so close to our own we find it more vividly interesting than those lives which have faded into the neutral colors of the distant past.

It is significant that in so short a time the place where he lived has fallen into ruins and there are no personal relics left of this man. It was his wish that his words and deeds should burn of their own light and that nothing but the desire for self-realization should evoke the memory of them. This has come true.

Dhan Gopal Mukerji, in his search for facts about the life of Rama Krishna, travelled first to the monastery across the Ganges from Calcutta. Here the men who carry out his teachings live completely detached from the great city so close to them. It is a life of meditation,

plied, "I seek just enough facts to enable me to gather all the trustworthy legends together." "Good!" shouted my host with joy. His mane and beard seemed to tremble with pleasure. Rama Krishna legends have not been gathered together. They contain more of the truth about him than all the authentic facts that I have written down. Legend is the chalice of truth. Facts are so veracious and so dull that nobody is uplifted by believing in them."

This sounds strange to the Western mind so scornful of anything not rooted in fact.

The complete legend cannot be written until it is created and this takes time. Meanwhile, wherever his sayings are preserved and his teaching followed, there resides the spirit of Rama Krishna as powerful as in his lifetime. This was his wish. He would hear of no cult growing out of the devotion of his followers and warned them constantly against calling themselves Rama Krishnites or any such

things. They live their religion and take it into their everyday lives. Rama Krishna, we are told, had gained God-consciousness and this gave him the power to live in the world richly and at the same time to be free from its limitations.

In Max Muller's book, written in 1899, we read as follows: "The one great power of which he made most use and which was by far the most wonderful was that he was able to change a man's thoughts by simply touching his body. Thousands flocked to him to receive his teaching. When the rose is blown and sheds its fragrance all around the bees come of themselves. The bees seek the full-blown rose, and not the rose the bees." These are his own words and he proved them by his life."

Dhan Gopal Mukerji has written a fine book. He has arranged his facts and legends so that the whole exists organically and with a life of its own. It is shorn of the sentimentality which too often antagonises people against works of this kind. He has lived here long enough to understand the psychology of the West and how far it is removed from that of his own country. He has told his story in a way which appeals to our love of the vivid without detracting in the smallest degree from the dignity and sincerity of his work. He has done this with the intuition of a poet.



study and service to humanity. The first impression of the atmosphere of the place is given as follows: "Just then a sound like bees around a hive far away; the monk in the inner shrine chanted in a very low tone enunciating every word most clearly: 'Whence our words come back broken, and thoughts return like dogs beaten in a chase, that silence over which gathers the dust of all sound. That meditation like a sharp shearing current cut through my thoughts and flooded the entire room.'"

In his youth Mukerji had been told by his mother never to put a printed page between himself and life, so that instead of going to the many books and biographies for his material, he went to the few old people who remembered the holy man and gathered from their lips whatever they had to tell.

The attitude of the East towards legend is exactly opposite to our own. The Pundit to whom he went first asked him whether he wanted to know the story or the legend. This question took him by surprise and after a few moments he re-

plied, "He believed that each man must seek God in his own way. When the actor Girish came to him he did not ask him to renounce his work but to seek through it release. The result was that the drunken, foul-mouthed man became the greatest modern playwright in India."

Mukerji makes a strong point of Rama Krishna's experiences with other religions. He searched them all and gave years of his life to obtaining an inside understanding of them. He found that whether you meditate on the Christ, Jehova, Vishnu, Nirvana or any other conception of the Infinite, you arrive at the same goal. "Religions differ in their appearance, but not in their essence."

There must have been an extraordinary spiritual quality about this man. Not of the sentimental kind, but powerful, vital and vigorous. The writer tells of the effect of a touch from his hand, the vibrant quality of his voice, the light on his face. It has often been understood that the saint teaches only renunciation of the world. The Hindoos seem to have an entirely different conception of these

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## Notes and Comment

(Continued from Page Five)

Most of us do not know that there are any, but some of them are very fine. Even the famous Raquel Meller has appeared in them. One of hers was "Imperio Violets", a story of Empress Eugenie and the second Empire. And "La Reina Mora" and some others which I saw in Cuba. There is a place where everything is "wide open"—no boycott—French, German, Spanish, Italian and Scandinavian films are shown without discrimination.

As for the German pictures. What hypnotized us into accepting that over-rated, tawdry "Siegfried" last season? Why did that get in, and why has no one ever shown us "Dr. Mabuse", with Rudolph Klein-Rogge, one of the finest character actors on the German stage? And why do we not see more of the films with Conrad Veidt (the very long, thin person who played the dummy in the famous "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari")? He would be the ideal skeleton-like Erik for "The Phantom of the Opera" instead of Lon Chaney, who counted on success because of a weird facial make-up.

\* \* \*

IN the current issue of the New Yorker is an advertisement illustrated with a charming line drawing of a feminine figure pulling a gown over her head and

(Turn to Page Fifteen)

MANY INTERESTED  
IN COWELL TALK

HENRY COWELL gave the first lecture of his series at the Denny and Watrous studio on Monday night. He spoke to an intensely interested group of people on "The History of Modern Music".

To the term "Modern Music" he gave wider connotation than it is usually understood to possess. Every age has had its rebels who have broken away from the old pattern and each of these in their time has written modern music. The criticism which it has received has been almost identical. Mr. Cowell quoted from Plato where he wrote severely against the attempt to write music without words, which was the particular scandal of his day. Then he read the criticisms of the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, all of which could have been shuffled with a group of criticisms of our own day and one of them picked out at random as a typical example of the reaction against modern music.

From this beginning, the lecturer spoke of the various types of harmony down the ages, the dogmas concerning form, and the resentment against dissonance. He told of his own experiments and illustrated

his lecture frequently with the piano.

One of his chief points was that whenever a fundamental principle of music has been broken, the innovation has not lasted beyond its own age. This seems to have been the test of truly great music. It has broken rules which have later been found to be superficial and has adhered, unconsciously perhaps, to basic principles.

After the lecture, Dene Denny played from Malipiero, Scriabine, John Ireland, Palmgren and Eric Satie. Carmel is indebted to Miss Denny for a very unusual opportunity of hearing modern music well played. Music is the most difficult of the arts to come into touch with. Com-



paratively few play easily enough to follow the intricacies of the new music. The radio and the gramophone consider the popular taste only, and the concert program rarely goes beyond the classic.

Henry Cowell is one of the outstanding figures in the musical world of to-day. His contribution is sincere and vital and those who wish to understand modern music from the bones outward, and to hear it discussed scientifically and simply, should not miss these lectures.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McLachlin have left for their home in Pasadena after spending the summer in Carmel.

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## THE SPIRIT OF POETRY ENTERED—

By GLADYS VANDER ROEST

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY, himself, entered. Making straight for the center of the room he lowered his head, hunched his shoulders and stretched his arms full length. He was preparing to brood. Presently he would raise his head, roll his eyes and emit long dolorous sighs, even weep a bit. He just couldn't resist a darkened room, a candle and a pot of incense.

The man in grey finished reading the verse, the woman in blue sat with downcast eyes, the woman in red sat with downcast eyes, the woman in yellow sat with downcast eyes, every one sat with lowered heads and lowered gaze. The group was in a stupor feeling decidedly spiritual.

A deep voice broke the stillness of the higher plane with a question. "What does the poet mean by nothingness?"

The shocked attention of the entire group was focused on the speaker. Uncouth, that, the breaking of the spiritual silences. The Spirit of Poetry let fall a tear. The man in grey attempted an answer.

"Why, nothingness is nothingness."

"You mean then that it is something."

"No, certainly not, if nothingness is nothingness it can't be something."

"You mean then that it is nothing."

"Oh no, it is something, nothingness must be something."

"How can nothingness be something and at the same time nothingness?"

"This is the way of it, nothingness must be something, a poet never writes of nothing, it is perfectly obvious that in as much as he cannot write of nothing and he has here written of nothingness, nothingness must be something. To put it simply, nothingness is something and at the same time nothingness."

The woman in blue nodded approval,

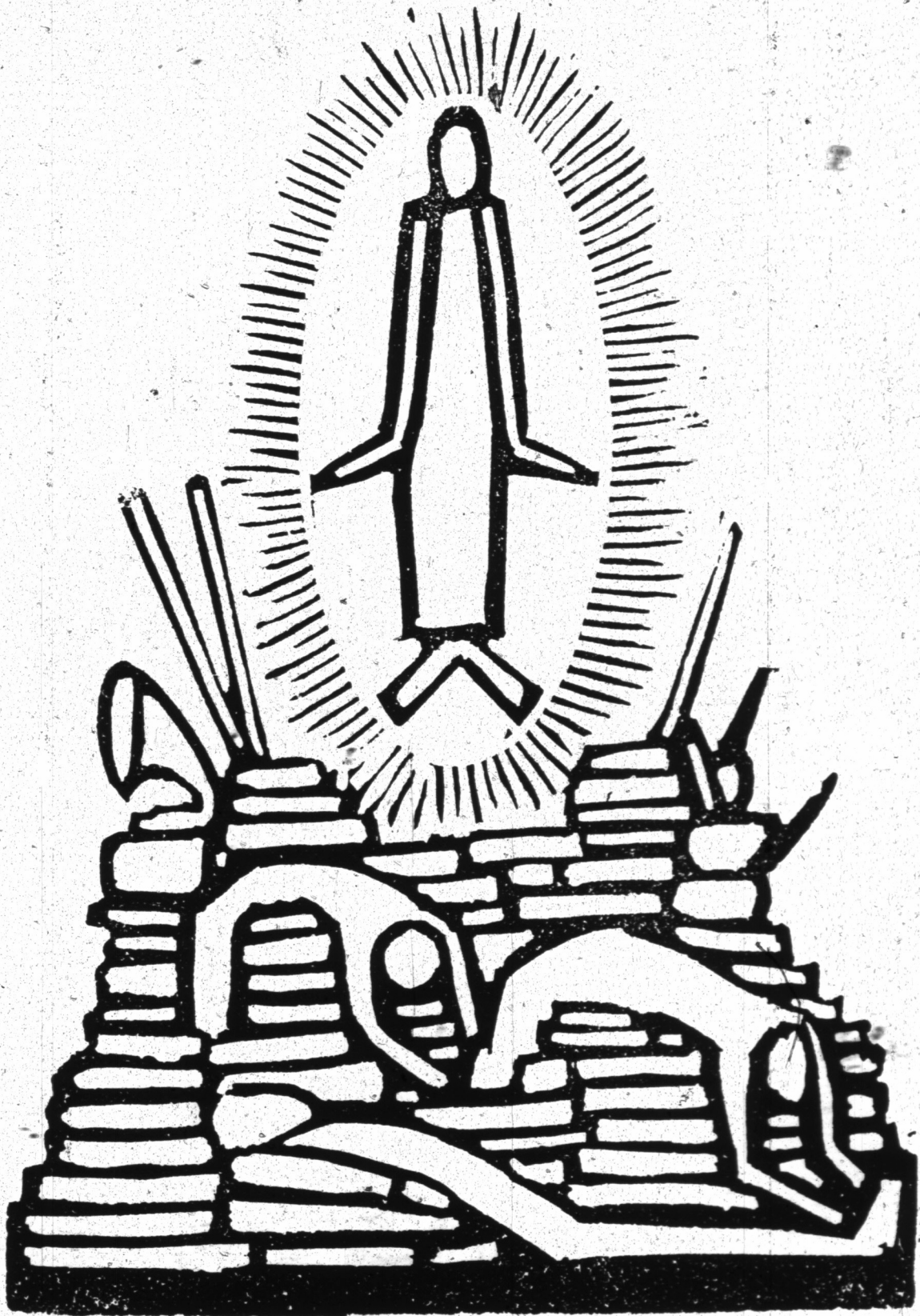
the woman in red nodded approval, the woman in yellow nodded approval, every one nodded approval at this masterful explanation. The Spirit of Poetry weaved a bit, slightly dazed. The uncouth bass persisted, he did not fully understand, he demanded proofs.

The man in grey, inwardly furious at such a show of stupidity, rushed to the book case. He consulted a huge octavo, bound in black, with gold stamping, he read from a thin red book, he referred to a small blue book, he produced original manuscripts and first editions, he brought out encyclopedias, he read from text books, cook books, historys, he searched catalogs, almanacs, and pamphlets, he piled proof upon proof, he demonstrated with higher mathematics, he computed by triangulation, he referred to astronomies, and to the Holy Scriptures, he invoked the aid of all the philosophers of all time, the newspapers, the comic supplements and the tenets of all religions.

A gigantic mass of evidence was assembled, books piled on the floor, the tables covered with papers, manuscripts, toilet articles and kitchen utensils. A mad fury possessed the group. This man should have his proofs. Men and women rushed about, arms loaded with proofs, staggering under the weight of phonographs, garden truck, fire wood, canned goods, bottles and bed linen. The house was ransacked for further evidence, windows were broken, paintings torn from the walls, pottery smashed, hangings and furniture demolished. They fell victims to their own zeal and enthusiasm, men and women fainting under their loads were crushed to the floor and buried under the accumulating proofs. The man in grey sustained a fractured skull, four women rushing to his aid were caught by an avalanche of evidence and hurled against the wall.

The storm subsided, nothing stirred, nothing moved. The Spirit of Poetry, high up near the ceiling, perched on the pinnacle of this mountain of proof, sat brooding, puffing a cigarette to calm his nerves.

"At least I am convinced," he mused, viewing the catastrophe, "that nothingness is indeed nothingness."



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# PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES

(From Punch)

A CALIFORNIAN gentleman has obtained a divorce on the ground that his wife from the back of their motor-car "constantly belittled his abilities as a driver and insisted on telling him how he ought to take the curves in the road."

I do not as a rule advocate easier divorce, but here is a case in which I think legislative reformers can and ought to follow the example of the U. S. A. Let them lend their minds to it. The problem is acute.

Wives in motor-cars, as I have experienced them, are of two main species: those who make open comments, and those who blanch and bite the lip. There may be a sub-species which admires and softly raises the driving of its husband, but I have seldom or never encountered it. The kind which utters open criticism of the man at the wheel is the commonest and worst. A great deal of the social unrest which characterizes our modern life is, I feel certain, attributable to this painful cause.

A good mother and hostess, a ready help at ordinary times, the wife who enters a motor-car is too often transformed into a ravening virago, anxious only to impede, to humiliate, to obstruct and to annoy. She cannot even permit the being whom she has promised to love, honour and obey to go through the motions of starting the car without asking whether he has switched on the engine, or putting some equally fatuous query. Sitting beside him after the start, she has no confidence in his ability to behave otherwise than as a certified lunatic, and does not hesitate to express her view. How well one knows these devastating dialogues:—

She. For goodness' sake go carefully here.

He. What on earth are you talking about?

She. There is a cross-road.

He. I have eyes.

She. No one would think so.

He. When I want your advice and your opinion of my personal appearance I will ask for it.

She (weakening a little). I conjure you as a wife and a mother not to cut in in front of that motor-lorry.

He. Am I driving this car or are you?

She. Do you remember that time at Paignton (or Llandrindod Wells or Shobernness), on a moonlit summer evening, when you swore that if ever you transgressed my lightest whim might you lose all hope of happiness for ever, now and hereafter? Aunt Emma had gone back into the drawing-room, and there was a scent of night-flowering stocks. Or that afternoon on the river at Goring (or Tewkesbury or Burton-on-Trent), when you were so brave about the swan (or barge or Primus stove) and plucked me that water-lily? I little thought then that I was to marry a person who would behave

like a cave-man and a sheikh as soon as he got me alone in a two-seater. There is a flock of oxen in front. Why don't you sound your horn?

He. Herd, not flock.

She. If you don't slow down I shall shriek.

He. Shriek, then.

She. Well, stop, and let me get out and walk the rest of the way. It's only eighty-three miles.

He. I thought you wanted to drive, after Hutchingbury.

She. I don't care whether I drive or not. I never want to be in a car with you again.

He. Don't, then. We'll have separate cars.

She. I must have alimony for mine, and the right to retain the children.

He. Not in the least. I shall have the boys.

She. You're roaring the engine again. Legislation is urgently needed to restrain this growing evil. The presence of a stranger in the car does nothing to mod-

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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# THE GREAT GOD VALENTINO

By GENE COHN  
(From the New Masses)

IT IS PROBABLE that, quite unconsciously, Hollywood will place over the grave of the "Great Sheik" a phallic monument. And that will be the final irony! The restless clay of Rudolf Guglielmi—otherwise Valentino—may shiver for a moment, and then forever surrender to his symbol. Living or dead, he was fated to be prey of a mask he had come to loathe. Therein lies the mockery of those macabre scenes enacted about his coffin.

First you must understand this: only Valentino died! Guglielmi had long since perished.

It was Valentino who rocked the front pages of the papers with headlines; Valentino who was adored by sex-starved women; Valentino who inspired the rioting crowds; Valentino who was commercialized, capitalized, coddled, primped and wept over; it was Valentino who lay in state while an army of police kept back the crowd; Valentino who went across the nation to be laid at rest in Hollywood midst more furor and hysteria; Valentino for whom the mafagars rung their gold-palmed hands, for whom women fainted and girls shrieked.

Guglielmi was forgotten. Guglielmi would have been buried in his little Italian town. Guglielmi, the somewhat sensitive life-loving Latin lad had disintegrated behind the mask of Valentino. Poor Guglielmi had been tortured, thwarted, misunderstood, insulted, starved and neglected. In a befuddled struggle for gold, fame and success he slipped on a mask, moulded by those gold-palmed sculptors of Hollywood. He was never able to take it off. And he died with it on. Thereafter Valentino went on living, but the wandering spirit of the perished Guglielmi had entered his body, after the fashion of Dybbuks.

So that Valentino knew no peace! It does not seem incredible to me that Valentino was slain by Guglielmi, just as Guglielmi was slain by Valentino.

The Great God Brown! Exactly! The Great God Valentino!

Certain it is that in the last weeks of his life Valentino rushed to many priests crying to them to relieve him of the Dybbuk and restore him to peace and happiness. There was, perhaps, no unhappier, more thwarted and soul-sick mortal in all America.

Pathetic victim of his mask, Valentino wanted above all other things to conform to the national concept of a "man's man."

It was too late. He had made the mistake of becoming a symbol of allure. And this had set loose the great pack of ravenous women; that vast sisterhood of the unsatisfied. Women, women, women—millions of them—sex-starved, mal-ad-

justed, inhibited, neurotic, confessing in notes, in actions, in conversations the inadequacy of their love-lives. The women loved him but the men? Well, what could be expected from the sex whose inadequacy stood thus revealed?

Men taunted him, suspicioned him, ridiculed, sneered, whispered, wrote taunting bits in the papers. Then it was that he tried to tear off the Valentino mask and reveal Guglielmi. Too late! No one would look or listen.

Jest of the gods! This Valentino could not so much as hold the two wives



won by the boyish, dancing Guglielmi!

But the mobs of ravenous women somehow seem to have forgotten that

"Sheik," "great lover," "Super-hero," they shouted—phrases coined in the great publicity mills that grind sense and reason into a disgusting mess to lure the sex-starved to the box-office.

Publicity! Publicity! Publicity! Love nests . . . hot love . . . hot stuff . . . The stuff that made Valentino and killed Guglielmi. . . .

He pleaded, protested, despaired. Across the nation went the cry for more, more, more of the mask. The spirit of Guglielmi grew restive in the vitals of Valentino. Revolt stirred.

Suddenly came a climax!

Valentino was sent on the road for "personal appearance" publicity. In Chicago a flippant paragrapher made reference to powder puffs and dandyism in connection with the "great sheik."

For a few hours the miracle of re-birth was achieved. Valentino was no longer "the sheik" and "the great lover," but Guglielmi, the Latin lad, who wanted to conform to the concept of a "man's man."

Swell stuff! First page publicity! Great stunt!

But not for his tortured pride. What to do? A challenge to a duel was issued. The whole nation roared. What a swell publicity stunt!

Guglielmi was deadly serious. He cursed his mask; he cursed the gold-palmed hands that held him; he protested, raged, pleaded.

And then a strange thing happened.

An almost ludicrous thing.

The "great sheik" made an appointment with that super-major-domo, Mencken.

It was one of those humid, melting days in July. Mencken arrived greatly puz-

zled. A woman he described as a "charming hostess" met him, and left him with the "Sheik".

What followed must have been variously pathetic and ludicrous.

Guglielmi, like a child going to confession, had determined to go to one who represented to him the fountainhead of cynicism and wisdom. In this one decision, perhaps, may be found the very core of this confused, baffled young fellow, and, mayhap, of millions more.

\* \* \* \*

I say it was a hot, humid night. Each peeled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. And into the astonished ears of Mencken fell the naive story of bafflement. It was Guglielmi—a perplexed child in a strange land—laying bare his unhappiness.

The "sheik of sheiks", sitting on top of the world . . . million dollars a year . . . all the women are crazy about him . . . goin' to clean up on his next picture . . .

A pathetic, tortured Guglielmi pleading to know what he could do; which way he might turn; how he could assert his manhood; how he could slay Valentino; the sheik . . .

I don't know what Mencken told him. I have heard varied versions. The most likely seems to be a reply that nothing could be done . . . the gold palms had made their model and he could take it or leave it . . . He couldn't fight back . . . Guglielmi was dead to the

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world. Only Valentino, the sheik, lived.

\* \* \* \*

Not many weeks later the Sheik himself lay dying.

All about the true believers made obeisance to their symbol.

The headlines wailed and the millions took up the cry.

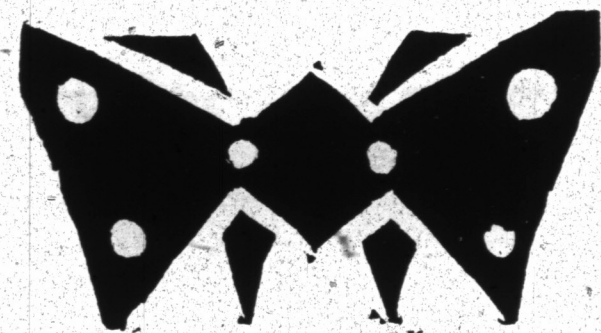
Reporters overflowed a large room on the ground floor of the hospital building. It had been a reception room, now converted into a press room.

Publicity! More than any hospital has had in years. Great!

The reporters overflowed the chairs and piled on the table. A leisurely bridge game went on in the press room hour after hour.

"Wish ta hell he'd either get well or die. I've lost ten bucks today!"

Eight floors up a rough-looking man, with hat tilted on the side of his head



kept sentry duty at a white door.

"Gotta keep the nuts out. Never been so many nuts loose. Yeh, I'm a special dick. Say if half the damfool women that come around was to get in."

Downstairs on the first floor the swift hands of the titian-haired phone girl darted like leaves in a wind. The pack is loose. The millions of women begin to fear for their symbol.

"Los Angeles on the line."

"It's Pola Negri calling."

"Oh, boy, that'll make Page one! Notice she mentioned her name first."

"Ah she's a publicity hound."

"She's slick."

Maybe she loved him; maybe she didn't. What difference does it make? It all got in the papers; faintings, shrieks, phone calls, hysteria, \$3,000 widow's gown, photographs, tears, interviews.

Lovely Polish girl . . . artist . . . perishing behind the mask of Pola Negri modeled by the gold-palms of Hollywood . . . will she die there, too?

\* \* \*

The word has been passed. The press agents are on their toes. Chance of a lifetime! Getcher name in the paper! Come one come all. Chorus girls, cabaret dames, hop-heads, undertakers.

"Here's a flash, fellahs. Girl took poison 'cause she loved Valentino."

No, she didn't die. Just burned her lips and got her name in the paper. One of the tabs gave it a picture.

Yeh, there was a girl he had with him on his last party. Step right into the press office boys and get her pictures.

Sure, all over the country! Sure fire! Bet she's made

Statements . . . statements . . .

"Yes we were going to make up again."

"It was the last girl he loved."

"He told me he didn't care a

rap for Pola. "If he had lived

he would have come back to me."

Women, women. Take their pic-

tures. Be sure and get a good

leg picture. Publicity! The stuff

that had poisoned the dead man!

Columns of it. Pages of it.

But not one had wept the passing

of Guglielmi. Only Valentino!

And so they passed about his bier, and

looked upon the mask, fighting, tearing,

smashing. Yes, it was the sheik

It was Valentino.

Valentino was dead!

I believe there was some mention that a certain Guglielmi, a brother, came to look after his affairs. I saw a paragraph or two. There might even have been a photograph in the tabloids.

A. H. Weber, noted philatelist, is in town. He will have scances with the connoisseurs in Carmel, Forrest Shreve, James Cooke, and L. S. Slevin.

#### TRAIN SCHEDULES

##### Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)

9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.

10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)

3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.

6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

##### Arriving at Monterey

7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.

6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.

8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.

9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

#### CARMEL BUSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.

Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

#### STEATE BUSES

##### Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.

For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.)

Ruth Austin left Friday for a week-end in San Francisco.



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(Continued from Page Ten)

ify the behaviour of wives belonging to this species. Often it urges them to wilder extremes. They cajole him, if he be a man, and force him to agree with their insane prejudices, until the husband is driven mad by despair and rushes with a series of low growls into the nearest police-trap.

Husbands as a class, on the other hand, refrain from this form of cruelty. They condone the offences of their wives at the wheel. They help, advise and are magnanimous. A word or two of sage counsel when some heinous fault has been committed, a courteous reference to the fact that the hand-brake has been partly on for the last two miles and that the car would travel better if it were totally released; such encouraging phrases as "A miss is as good as a mile" when the front tyre has been narrowly shaved—these are all the remarks that the long-suffering creature usually permits himself. He knows well that women have no "sense of the road"; that they drive either by instinct and temperament or by petti-fogging rule. But he seldom condescends to say these things openly, preferring to let his opinion be made plain by a quick pursing of the lips, a low whistle or a subdued groan. As this:—

He. Good thing there wasn't an extra coat of paint on that limousine.

She. What on earth do you mean?

He. Oh, nothing. (A pause: then reflectively) Popular education is variously regarded as a curse or as the greatest triumph of modern democracy.

She. What's the matter now?

He. I wondered whether you'd noticed the signboard with "SCHOOL" on it. That's all.

She. I have eyes.

He. They are one of your greatest charms.

Always, you see, the little gentleman. Why then should the husband be subjected to an intolerable persecution of critical abuse directly he takes his turn on the driving seat?

I am convinced, after a careful study of the subject, that no wife should be permitted to travel in a car driven by her husband without a special license. If it can be shown before a justice of the peace on reliable evidence that she has passed adverse criticism on his method of driving, either from the point of view of judgment or speed, she should have this license endorsed and suffer the penalty either of the scold's bridle or the ducking-stool. At the third offence the husband should be entitled to seek the remedy of divorce, retaining custody of the car.

Something, at any rate, must be done and done quickly. For make no mistake—the behavior of the ordinary wife in a husband-driven motor-car is a mere mockery of the garage-tie.

—EVOE

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# Notes and Comment

(Continued from Page Five)

displaying two remaining garments which are delightfully described as follows:

Best Brevities—or abbreviated abbreviation of what's what underneath—or, seriously, the most sensible and modest undies to wear in this day and age of so much elimination!

Hand-made panties and a bandeau of crepe de chine of radium silk—exquisitely tailored—and with one's name embroidered on both pieces—a delightful feminine touch!

We assume this last inducement is designed to appeal to those who attend the nite clubs where the sign reads: "Not responsible for articles unless checked at office".

Anyhow it's getting so one can't take home these to-day magazines where they might be picked up by a New England mother.

\* \* \*

ONE day last May a boy named Andrew Pashute was found murdered on the highway near San Jose. His mother, if she were living, must have suffered the indescribable agony that is dealt out to mothers as the reaction to the death of their children. Desolate, perhaps, forlorn, heart-broken, she was. Only one who has borne the torture of bearing, the anxiety of brooding, the cares and trials of rearing can know how much she must have suffered. But she has ceased to suffer; her heart has been mended, she is no longer desolate; there has been an expiation of the crime—the great state of California has taken the first step that gives her balm. Look—here are four paragraphs out of a news story from San Jose last week:

SAN JOSE, Oct. 1.—David Galloway, Santa Cruz youth, was sentenced to death here yesterday for the murder of Andrew Pashute early last May.

The sentence, as delivered by Judge J. R. Welch, follows:

"It is the judgment and sentence of this court that you be forthwith taken by the sheriff of Santa Clara county and delivered to the warden of the state prison at Folsom, and there within the prison walls, on Friday, December 10, 1926, be hanged by your neck until you are dead. And may the Lord God have mercy on your soul."

Galloway's mother, who was in the court, wept softly as sentence was passed.

And horror and desolation may now walk with Mother Galloway.  
Great State of California!



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## HAY FEVER "ONE LONG RIOT OF FUN"

By MAE HARRIS ANSON

**W**HY THE TITLE 'Hay Fever?' somebody asked, speaking of the comedy that will be produced at Arts and Crafts Theater next Friday and Saturday evenings, October 8 and 9.

Why, indeed? Nobody knows. There isn't a symptom of hayfever in the play. Not even a sneeze. The nearest thing to it is a hiccough, in one of the funniest scenes yet shown on the Carmel stage. It is doubtful if hay fever could be made a comedy, even in the clever hands of Noel Coward, but the play of that title is certainly one long riot of fun.

The original title was "The Temperamentalists". That is understandable, for if ever there were people who could be ticketed with the much abused adjective "temperamental", it is the four members of the Bliss family about whom the comedy swirls. The descriptive title, however, proved a stumbling block for pronunciation and another title was imperative for the success of the play. But why "Hay Fever" should have been chosen is one of the secrets still locked in Noel Coward's cynical mind.

Throughout the play there are chuckles outside those offered by the lines. There are four temperamental Blisses. Perhaps the anything-but-bliss situation throughout the play may be blamed upon the weather—the heat of one day and the rain of the next; perhaps it is just one of those irritable days that come occasionally to even the most untemperamental family; perhaps, too, it is just a way they have with each other. One clever person is bad enough to have in the house—and there are four of these Blisses. Yet, this very family, given to petty wrangling amongst themselves, unites like a stone wall to protect each other from attack by an outsider. The Bliss family, in short, is a perfectly human quartette—a little more clever as a whole than the families most of us know.

When all the flurry is over that was brought in by the four guests that each Bliss had invited down for the week-end, without notifying the rest, including Clara, the maid, the play shows them at the end, united in family interest—and still wrangling. They would not be happy without it. It is all clever, it is all light—and it is, too, all intensely human.

The cast, in the order of appearance, is as follows:

Sorel Bliss.....	Gladys Vander Roest
Simon Bliss.....	Barry Parker
Clara .....	Marian Todd
Judith Bliss.....	Eleanor Watson
David Bliss.....	Eugene Watson
Sandy Tyrell.....	G. Y. Williams
Myra Arundell.....	Helen Judson
Richard Greatham.....	Robert Roe
Jackie Coryton.....	Sally Maxwell

## Adventures in Eating Out

Number Sixteen

**T**HE nicest time to go to Pop Ernst's in Monterey is at noon on a sunny day. Then you may sit out of doors on the high veranda built right over the water, and eat your fish dinner with the blue bay and the little boats and the curve of the sandy shore and the distant blue hills spread out before you! On the next wharf swarthy fishermen are hauling up a brown net . . . there is the swish of waves up over the rocks and sand just below and behind you



and dipping and wheeling and gliding over the surface of the water a flock of wide-winged sea gulls, flashing the sunshine back from their restless movements.

The waiter brings you rich creamy hot abalone chowder in a huge abalone shell, as big as a real soup plate. (Privately

we think this is one of the few legitimate uses of the ornamental abalone in the home!) Then you may take your choice of half a dozen different fish delicacies headed, of course, by "fried abalone". And nowhere is the famous abalone quite so tender and mouth-melting as at Pop Ernst's, nowhere are the big golden-brown disks cooked with more flavorful skill! With your order come a dish of crisp French fried potatoes and more slices of delicious fresh French bread than you can possibly eat. Be sure to take your appetite with you when you go to Pop Ernst's for you will want to eat a man-size meal!

Of course, if you go in the evening, there are the collection of marine museum pieces around the fireplace and the painting over the mantel of the lighthouse which sends out a beam of real light—these take the place of the outdoor scene of a meal in the day-time. —D. C.

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